

Miss Hannah Lee.

Words and Music by

NATHAN BIVINS.

Composer of "I Aint Seen No Messenger Boy"

"Give Me My Money" "I Want Some One to Care For Me"

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The second system continues the piano part. The third system introduces the vocal melody in the treble clef, with the lyrics "Miss Han - nah Lee please For now's the time if". The fourth system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, with the lyrics "list-en to me I certain-ly like to be in your com - pa-ny There's you'll be mine My dear lit - tle Han - nah please don't de-cline For you". The score concludes with a final piano chord.

Miss Han - nah Lee please
For now's the time if

list-en to me I certain-ly like to be in your com - pa-ny There's
you'll be mine My dear lit - tle Han - nah please don't de-cline For you

something I've got to say to you this ver - y
know its no pleasure to me to wait so long you

day You prom-ised me that you'd be mine
see Now prom-ise me this ver - y day That

Just as soon as the sum - mer time Summer is gone I
you will let old par - son say Now you doth are

haven't heard you say An - y more a-bout our wed - ding day.
man and wife I'll be hap-py all through life.

CHORUS.

5

Tell me Miss Han-nah Lee, if you love me

That you will mar-ry me, this ver - y eve I'll make you

hap - py love then you will see None will treat you

an - y better than me Miss Hannah Lee. 1. Lee. 2. Lee.

TRY THESE ON YOUR PIANO

DEAR LITTLE ARAB OF TIMBUCTOO.

ORIENTAL SERENADE.

Words by FENELON E. DOWLING. Music by MARY DOWLING SUTTON.

REFRAIN.

Andante.

Dear lit-tle Ar-ab of Tim-buc-too. Sad is her heart for her
lov-er true; And thro' the night, in the pale moon-light, with
naught but the sands of the des-ert in sight. She sits and she sighs a
soft hoo hoo for her dear lit-tle Ar-ab of Tim-buc-too.

rit. *rit.*

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CHIPETA.

Words by
FENELON E. DOWLING.

Music by
HARRY S. MARION.

CHORUS.

Oh my Chi-pe-ta I am lov-ing you on-ly;
Bright-est jew-el of the wood-land, you are my pride;
— Oh my Chi-pe-ta — when I'm sad and I'm lone-ly, I'll seek you
dear-est, my Pawnee bride. Oh my Chi- bride.

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By the Light of the Moon.

RAYMOND A. BROWNE.
ALFRED J. DOYLE.

CHORUS. *p-f*

'By the light of the moon, Say that you'll marry me soon; My heart is
ach-ing, just from long-ing for you—I'm tell-ing you true The stars up-a-bove,
Are not as true, as my love;" That's what I tell her—
By the light of the moon. "By the moon.
f *acc.* *acc.* *f* *acc.* *f* *acc.*

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When I Was a Barefoot Boy.

Words and Music
By BRENNEN & STORY.

CHORUS

After my toil in the ci-tyl's o'er, just at the close of day;
Watching the crowds as they homeward go, My thoughts are far a-way. For
fan-cy is paint-ing a pic-ture fair, Of scenes that once filled me with joy. Once a-
gain there's the charm, of those days on the farm When I was a bare-foot boy.

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